For the Young Folks.

WHO WAS BRAVE.

"I'll be an Indian," said Charlie, "and when Robbie comes down stairs all dressed for dinner I'll scream 'boo-oo.'"

"It will frighten him half to death," laughed Ted, jumping up and down, "he's such a little scarecrow; say it deep down like this 'boo-hoo,'" and naughty Ted put his two hands to his mouth, in the shape of a horn, roaring as loud as he could.

"I'll lend you my red shawl," chimed in Mabel, who ought to have known better. "It will cover you all over; gracious! you'll look terrible. Can't you just hear him scream 'mamma, mamma,' like a big baby."

Now would you believe it? Robbie was a poor little lame boy, who had come to the mountains for his health. He couldn't run around the porches and halls like the other children from early sunrise until almost every star had twinkled into its place. He generally sat right close to his mamma with his crutch resting against the side of his chair; that poor little worn crutch, so tiny, so silent, yet telling in its own pathetic way, such a pitiful tale of sickness and pain. One could well imagine that its owner had drawn cheeks hollow eyes, and the saddest, saddest of smiles, almost a sob.

Do you blame Robbie, when the big dog came leaping up, with the children tearing after him, do you blame Bobbie, if he looked around, tremblingly crying, "Oh, mamma! mamma!" For you see great rough Carlo could have knocked him down with one stroke of his mighty paws. Well, the boys and girls thought it was a fine joke. They would laugh when nobody was around, calling him "Miss Nancy" and Mollie Coddles; once even they made him a rag doll. And now on this beautiful sunshiny afternoon, when the very air seemed singing with joy, here were these strong, healthy boys and girls plotting against poor little lame Robbie.

"Here he comes," whispered bright-eyed Davie excitedly."

"No it isn't," said Mabel, peeping around the corner, "it only Dada."

Dada was the sweetest, dearest little maid who had ever found a resting place on the summit of these rugged mountains, with the bluest eyes and the goldenest hair.

"Look here, Dada," said Charlie, who kind of owned Dada when mamma wasn't around, because he was her big brother, "you go over and sit quietly in the corner, like a good girl; we're big Indians and we're going to frighten Robbie."

Dada opened her blue eyes wide. "You's not going to hurt Wobbie, is you?" she asked.

"No, you little foolish," said Charlie, "how can saying 'boo' hurt any one; does it hurt you? Listen, boo—oo."

"Yef; no, it do," lisped Dada, half fr ghtened.

"Oh, you're only a mite of a girl," answered Charlie, contemptuously; "you aren't good for much; now boys, like me and Ted and Dave, why—why we could shoot a gun, couldn't we; and there isn't a dog or an Indian within ten miles that could frighten us, is there, now?"

"No—o," came from Ted, Dave and Mabel, too.

"You see what we're like, don't you, Dada?" asked Charlie, triumphantly.

"Yef," answered Dada, rather doubtfully, as she walked slowly to the end of the porch. Something was wrong, she knew; something about Robbie, who was always so kind and gentle to her.

"Here he comes, sure, this time," said Dave; "I hear his crutch go pit pat."

"Hide, quick, behind the door," whispered Mable. "He's got on his velvet suit, too; won't he get it dirty if he tumbles!"

"Umph, if his hair isn't curled just like a girl's," remarked Ted, disgusted. "Now, mind you say 'boo' at the right time, Charley."

"Jimmy, can't I just hear him scream?" chuckled Bob. "Sh-h-h, here he is."

Down limped poor Robbie, such an innocent, delicate looking litt'e fellow, with big wistful eyes, seeming too big to be filled by anything this earth could give then, unless it were pain, and surely it had found a resting place in those sad, yearning eyes

"Boo, ha, yah, he-e!" yelled half a doben shrill voices; and out jumped a figure all in red from behind the door.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried the piteous voice, and down fell Robbie, crutch and all, a little shivering, moaning heap of velvet and brown curls. "Mamma, where's my mamma?"

"Oh, get up, Robbie, we're only fooling," said Mable, feeling ashamed.

"Ho, ho! Miss Nancy's frightened at a red shawl and an old hat," laughed Charley, dancing around. "Where's my mamma?" he continued, trying to imitate Robbie's weak voice. "Here, listen to my new song."

"I know a boy just like a girl,
Fiddle dee, dee, dee, dee;
He wears his hair in one big curl,
Fiddle dee, dee, dee, dee;
He cries Mamma, when he sees a shawl,
Fiddle dee, dee, dee, dee;
And then—then it nothing at all,
Fiddle dee, dee, dee, dee."

The boys and girls began to laugh at this nonsense, and Charlie felt so pround that he ran all around the porch singing it as loud as he could, with the other children running behind shouting, "Fiddle dee, dee, dee, dee."

At last Charlie's Uncle Phil shook his finger at them from a window and off they scampered out of sight.

It was Dada who handed Robbie his crutch and helped him up, saying soothingly:

"Don't cry Wobbie, dey is naughty boys; oo won't be scared when the right time comes."

Well, the "right time" did come, and very soon, too. It was the next night after dinner, when the veranda of the hotel was filled with ladies and gentlemen all enjoying the beautiful sunset and the cool breeze from the mountains.

Dada was there, too, sitting as quiet as a mouse next to mamma. She had a spick-span new dress, of creamy lace, and pink ribbon, which mamma had finished just one minute before dinner—not exactly finished either, for one of the tiny pink bows was pinned (but this is a secret, so don't tell). She looked so sweet and demure, perched in a chair, dangling her little slippers, that Charlie ran up saying:

"Mamma, can't I take Dada for a walk? I'll take good care of her.

"Very well, dear," said mamma. "Just as far as the willow tree. I'll trust you." And taking a crepe fichu she tied it, "gypsy-fashion," over Dada's golden curls, making her look for all the world like a morsel of the sunset sky.

Charlie took one hand and Dada held out the other, saying, "Oo, too, Wobbie. Now Charlie'll take care of one-half of me, and Wobbie the other," she continued, laughing gleefully as they walked off.

"Oh, Rob's not worth anything," said thoughtless Charlie. I'll take care of all of you; he is a Miss Nancy." Dada gave Robbie's hand a little squeeze—she wanted to show she didn't believe that. Robbie understood, too, for instead of getting angry he only smiled. I think that little shadow of a smile meant more than all Master Charlie's big words. They had just got to the willow tree, out of sight of the hotel, when up sprang a figure from behind the bushes—*a real Indian* this time, with long, black hair and ferocious looking eyes.

"Yab, yab," he said, waving a big stick, as he saw the children.

"Mamma! mamma!" screamed Charlie, dropping little Dada's hand and running off as fast as he could, "where's my mamma?

"Don't be frightened, Dada," whispered Robbie, throwing his arm around her. "He can't hurt you when I am here. I'll take care of you with my crutch."

And all the time they could hear Master Charlie scampering off, crying, "Mamma! mamma!" Then mamma came running down the road with Uncle Phil and lots of other people from the hotel, Charlie in the midst, his face white and scared, holding tight to mamma's hand, crying, "Don't go near him mamma, he's a *real* Indian—oh, he'll kill me—don't go, mamma." He never once though of Dada.

When the crowd came in sight of the willow tree, there was the big Indian, and there stood little Robbie, his arm still around Dada, his tiny crutch uplifted, faithful as a soldier to his post.

"Why, Charlie, exclaimed Uncle Phil, laughing as they came up. "that's Santiago; don't you know him? He wouldn't hurt a flea; he's trying to make friends with Dada."

True, it was only Santiago, the old Indian, who picked vegetables and helped around the hotel, as harmless as any good old faithful dog.

"But Robbie's a brave boy, all the same," said mamma, kissing him.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie," laughed Uncle Phil, "where is all your courage now? Come, Robbie, give me a hand-shake; you've got the right stuff in you; though you do look such a meek little fellow, there's more of a man in you than in this big, romping boy.

Didn't Charlie feel ashamed as he walked home, unnoticed and alone, behind the others. He had received a severe lesson. "I don't care," he said, shaking his head, as though that would keep the tears back; I'm a coward. Robbie's the bravest one, and I'll tell him so the first chance I get."

That night Robbie was in the hall, on his way to bed, Charlie, his face very red, and his voice a little shaky, came up to him, saying: "Rob, I am sorry for making fun of you. I'm downright ashamed of myself. I'm a Miss Nancy, there," and the chubby brown hand and the little thin one held each other for a moment. Robbie had forgiven Charlie.

Now, I can't help thinking that after all Charlie was a brave boy, too. I wonder who understands what I mean?—*Adelaide Samson, in Rural Press.*

THE SMALL BOY STATES THE CASE.

"R-r-r-r!" went the telephone in Gratiot Avenue station the other day, and when the captain called "Hello!" a voice inquired:

"Are you the police?"

"Yes; who are you?"

"A boy. There's a big row up here!"

"Where?"

"On St. Aubin. I'll tell you if it's necessary to send the wagon."

Things were quiet for a moment, and then the telephone rang again.

"Well, how is it?" asked the captain.

"Purty serious, but I'll telephone you again."

There was an interval of three minutes before the captain was rung up again.

"Well?"

"You needn't send the wagon. There were three of 'em. They had lost a goose. They said we had it. Mam called 'em liars. They sailed in. They got mam in between the woodshed and goosepen and made the hair fly, but mam found a club and rallied, and you orter see them women climb! Mam holds the fort and the goose. Good-bye!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE FIRST HERD.

The first herd of cattle known on the continent of America were were brought by Columbus on his second voyage. From these, and from other small herds brought by later Spanish navigators, the wild cattle of South America descended. In 1853, the Portuguese took cattle and hogs to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. The Canadian cattle were introduced 1608. In 1620 Virginia had 500 head of cattle. The most stringent laws were passed prohibiting the killing of any domestic animal. In New England, cattle were introduced in 1624. It is said that for a time prices were regulated by color, a red calf being cheaper than a black one because it was more likely to be mistaken by the wolves for a deer and killed.

THE SECLE PEAR.

The Secle pear originated near Philadelphia before the Revolution. A noted sportsman, known as "Dutch Jacob," used to bring home every fall some small but delicious pears, declining to tell any body where he procured them. About that period the London land company which owned some land below the city, made a sale and "Dutch Jacob" purchased the lot upon which his pear tree stood. It afterwards became the property of Mr. Secle, and as he permitted nurserymen to take grafts and buds from the tree, they gave the fruit his name.—*Phila. Record.*

—Many a father will reprove and get provoked at his boy for playing marbles, and then take a cue and punch pool or billiard balls till midnight without the slightest remorse of conscience. Paternal consistency.